That night the moon rose in the window. Its light touched the pane and spread over the floor. The girls climbed out of their beds and gathered in the glow, where their hands came alive. Their chatter filled their chests with such gladness it flowed out past the sentry girl at the door and down the corridor until it struck the matron’s ears. She rocked forward, enraged, and thundered up the corridor. The sentry girl gave the alarm. They flew for their beds. The matron burst in. Her arm swung and connected. A girl dropped.

The hand of the moon went to the girl, tapping her on the shoulder, tapping to no avail. It withdrew, gliding back to the window and out. When the sun came up, its blaze seething into the floor, the girls gathered again at the window. They watched as the gardener dug a hole. His shovel thrust firmly in the ground, he lifted a covered figure and let drop. Its arms were crossed as it tumbled to the bottom. The gardener grimaced and covered the hole. That night the moon rose in the window. Its light touched the pane and spread over the floor. The girls climbed out of their beds and gathered in the glow, where their hands came alive.

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